

Hug Not Found

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Hug Not Found

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Summary

During a moment of silence in the stream, it hit Dream all at once, and he just decided to just let it out. “FUCK!” he groaned, “I could really use a hug.”

(AKA Dream is really lonely and George has a strange but creative solution.)

Dream was completely wrapped in a blanket, trying to fight the cold weather and the frigid loneliness. Moving into a house, all by himself, right before the global pandemic probably wasn't the best idea, even if he couldn't have possibly known it would happen.

The only regular social interaction he got was through hanging out with his friends online, which was what he was doing at that moment. George was streaming on the SMP, with BadBoyHalo, Sapnap, and Dream on the call with him. It was just like old times, and it felt good, honestly. George had been spending more and more time with other members of the server, and Dream had been spending a lot of time on the Tommy story, so this was the first time they had been able to hang out as the “muffintears” in a while. (Dream still hated the name, but he would say it a million times a day if they would stay with him.)

During a moment of silence in the stream, it hit Dream all at once, and he just decided to just let it

out. “FUCK!” he groaned, “I could really use a hug.”

The chat agreed, that he should get a hug, that they needed hugs, that everyone needed hugs. For a little while, it was just a wall of touch starved people all agreeing that the pandemic was really exacerbating the loneliness for everyone.

“Language, Dream!” Bad suddenly realized, but added, “and I would give you a hug if I could.”

“Yeah, Dreamy,” Sapnap cooed sarcastically, “I’ll give you a huggy wuggy if you want one.”

“You are desperate for a hug too, and you know it,” Dream shot back, “You are literally always asking for cuddles!”

“I mean, yeah, and I’ll give you a hug, Dream, but I’m gonna tease you about it, too. That’s just a given.”

“Yeah, okay, whatever, Simpnep.”

“Listen, calling me *that* isn’t a good way to get huggy wuggies, Dream.”

Dream couldn’t help but wheeze. “I don’t want anything from you if you’re going to keep calling them that!”

George had remained completely silent during this entire exchange, focusing heavily on collecting some wood for a project he was working on. Dream honestly would have let it go, but Sapnap couldn’t possibly ignore that.

“You’ve been awfully quiet, Georgie. Would you give Dream a huggy wuggy?”

“Absolutely not. I wouldn’t give anyone a ‘huggy wuggy.’”

Hearing George try to say something that ridiculous in his accent had the entire call exploding with laughter. Even Bad was laughing so hard he couldn’t stop, when normally he would never mock George for the way he spoke.

“Huggy wuggy,” Sapnap repeated, imitating George’s pronunciation, which had everyone laughing again.

After they all calmed down, with George back to ignoring them, Dream couldn’t help but ask, “So you don’t hug people, George?”

“No, I do, I definitely *hug* people, but I don’t want to find out whatever that wuggy thing was. Probably something dirty.”

Dream, out of curiosity, looked it up. “Oh my God, you’re probably right. It says a hug with ‘benefits.’”

“George is a coward then,” Sapnap snorted, “If you aren’t willing to give your homies some ‘benefits’ during the pandemic, what kind of homie are you?”

“Not all of us are ‘homiesexual,’ Sapnap,” George sighed.

“Your loss then.”

The banter continued back and forth, but Dream was kind of lost in his own head for a moment. He had to ask. In a private chat, just him and George, he sent a hesitant message. *You said you would*

hug people... Would you hug me?

Dream chanced a glance at George's live cam, the stream sitting open on his laptop. His face was stern and irritated, probably at whatever silly thing Sapnap had just said that Dream hadn't heard. But then, it softened, only just, to where Dream was sure no one could see it but him. A tiny up turn of his lips, a raised eyebrow, as the harshness drained from his eyes.

George's reply came right after. *Of course.*

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It didn't get brought up again for a while. It was just another conversation gone sexual that was clipped all over twitter and tiktok before dying off. Dream wanting a hug became a #relatable sound, and Sapnap's 'homiesexual' quote became a cosplay trend. As time went on, they were replaced by the next viral thing, and everyone forgot.

Everyone but George.

Random questions popped up, seemingly unrelated, over the next several weeks.

*Are you allergic to anything?*

*Are you sensitive to any fibres?*

*Do you still want a hug?*

*What was your PO address again?*

*Or can I have your home address?*

The questions were spread out enough, with enough careful transition, that Dream had no idea what George was intending to do, specifically, but something was definitely up. He asked a few times, but George (very convincingly) said there was no plan. He was just reminding himself.

*Don't worry about it,* was the reply, over and over again.

Dream wasn't *worried*, but the curiosity was killing him. George was so good at keeping a straight face that Dream honestly couldn't tell anything about what was going on. After a couple weeks, he convinced himself that George was just going through a bout of weird nosiness (which he did sometimes), and let it drop. He expected nothing.

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It came about six weeks after the stream. The package was so big that the people at the post office called him and told him to come get it as soon as possible. Dream had no idea what it could be. The largest fan package he had gotten before this had only been like 2 or 3 feet. What was the limit on box size for a post office?

When he got there, he could literally see it. They hadn't told him it was his, but it was huge, as tall as a man and clearly in everyone's way. They gave him a lecture about it, telling him packages that large should be sent to a home address. He agreed, confused, and apologized.

He had no idea what it was.

It wasn't that heavy, which surprised him. It wasn't light either, but for a six foot by two foot by two foot box, he expected it to drag him down more. He was tempted to open it in the parking lot, but decided against that and shoved it in his car. The entire ride was him wondering what it could possibly be. Nothing really came to mind, at least not anything that would need such a huge box.

Finally, he dragged the thing out of his car and into the quiet safety of his house. A curious fervor took over, and he couldn't stand it a moment longer. With the help of scissors and a lot of ripping, he finally got the box open.

Inside was a tall figure, completely wrapped in lime green and pale blue tissue paper. A note was taped to the paper, and Dream pulled it off to find, *Open me AFTER present !* scrawled on it in messy letters.

The tissue paper fell away in sheets, revealing more and more of the figure. For a moment, Dream was sure it was a human being, but then the rounded ears and long nose started to take shape. As he pulled away the last of it's wrapping, he fell back, almost collapsing from the shock of it.

It was a blue teddy bear, about six inches shorter than Dream himself. It was being supported with the help of a giant doll stand that looped around its waist. That's not what shocked him though. The part that had him stumbling was that the bear was George. It had clout goggles perched above its big brown eyes, a white GeorgeNotFound hoodie, and blue pants. Under the hoodie was his avatar's blue shirt with a red square. The bear was smiling at him, almost tauntingly.

Dream wished it was really George.

At that, he remembered the note, and pulled it out, desperate to find some kind of explanation.

Dream,

I know the pandemic has been hard for all of us, but I think you're the only one of the Dream Team who lives alone. I can't come to visit because of the travel restrictions, but I can send you this. Sorry it took so long to get it all together, but I wanted him to be the right height.

Also, I hope this isn't weird to do. I spent so much time going back and forth as to whether or not I should do this, but it's too late now I suppose! Hope it helps!

Love,

George.

Dream was crying by the end of the letter, so touched by the gesture. He forgot that George really did care sometimes, because he did it in quiet, thoughtful ways, ways that only the two people involved would know.

With the context, he had to touch the bear. It was soft, far softer than it had any right to be. He

picked it up off its stand, and it was pretty solid. It didn't flop around too much, but it was so squishy, and Dream couldn't help but give in and hug it.

He wondered if George would be this huggable.

It felt good. Not as good as a real hug, but knowing that George had put this together, specifically for him, made it worth a lot. He cried, trying not to get the bear's fur wet, and sank to the floor with it. The entire pandemic flowed through him, the loneliness, the longing, the explosion of feelings he couldn't name. He just held the blue bear and let it all out.

He hadn't realized just how badly he needed that.

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Dream didn't know how long he cried, exactly, but it felt like a long time. He wound up curled into the bear on the carpet, resting his head on its chest and running fingers down its torso.

"I think I'll call you Georgie," he murmured to no one, nuzzling into the bear further.

With that, he suddenly remembered the real George, who was probably desperately and fearfully waiting to hear Dream's reaction. With a groan, he peeled himself off the floor, taking the bear with him. He didn't really want to stop holding it, so he picked up his phone and climbed onto his bed with it still in his arms. Once he was comfortable against the bear again, he called George.

"Hey, Dream, what's up?"

"It arrived today, George."

George's voice hitched for a moment, even though he was trying to stay nonchalant. "What arrived?"

"The bear?"

"Oh... That..." George paused, waiting for Dream to say something, *anything* about it. "Um... What did you think?"

"I loved it!" Dream said with a grin.

"You asshole! I was so scared!"

"Well, I had to tease you at least a little!"

"No, you didn't!" George pouted.

"Seriously, though, George, I love it..."

"I'm really glad to hear that... I just thought... Well, I can't hug you, but the bear can..."

"Yes, it definitely can! I'm actually hugging it right now!" Dream's eyes went wide. Why had he said that?

"Really...?" George's voice was low, quiet, and a little... wanting.

“Really...” Dream admitted, “I’m lying on it right now.”

“Well, I’m glad it’s working then!”

“Yeah, it works great!” *I wish it was you* , Dream thought, hopelessly.

They chatted about whatever until late in the night, and Dream held that bear for dear life, even though neither of them brought it up again.

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Four weeks later, Dream got a surprise call from George. Well, the call wasn’t a surprise, but Dream wasn’t exactly sure when George would get it.

“Are you *serious*, Dream?”

“What, you don’t like it?”

George paused, biting his lip. “It’s not that... It’s just... You copied my gift exactly! A bear with an, I’m assuming, green hoodie and a Dream face painted on the shirt and pants?”

“It was a good idea,” Dream shrugged, “Besides, it’s not like it’s for your birthday or something. I just thought I should... return the favor.”

Dream had spent most of his time lounging on his bear since it had arrived. It was a near constant presence in his life by that point, more constant than the real George. It wasn’t enough, but it was something, and he wanted George to have that life raft as well.

“It is cute... And soft...” George admitted.

“Come on, George, the pandemic has got us all doing weird shit we would never do! It’s no big deal. Besides, I can’t make fun of you even a little.”

“Are you... Do you... Um... Do you hug your bear still?”

“Yeah... Yeah, I do...”

George sighed, loud and long. “Well, it’s not like I’m hurting anyone. Just don’t tell anyone we did this okay? I think they would think it’s weird.”

“Or *romantic* ...” Dream teased, despite himself.

“Oh my god, shut *up*. ”

~~~

George admitted to Dream that he held the bear sometimes, but in reality, he was holding it as much as Dream was holding his, if not more. He named it Clay, and it felt like a forbidden secret

and gift he had for himself. The bear was literally taller than him, and sometimes, he would curl on top of its soft fur, wrap both its arms around him, and pretend.

He couldn't tell Dream all of it.

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Things went back to a shaky normal for a while. Occasionally, one of them would become too curious and needy, and they would ask the other about their bear. After each of them stuttered out a confession, embarrassed and worried, they would both relax and laugh. They confirmed that they both still cuddled their bears, and things would settle for a little while.

Neither of them knew why they had to keep asking.

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George started his stream with a warm welcome and huge smile. He had told Dream he was in an excellent mood, and also that Dream should join the teamspeak for a live. The mood wore off on the lonely man. Dream cuddled his blue stuffed bear, and he couldn't help but grin to himself.

*George .*

When George's stream popped on, though, Dream was completely silent. The moment he locked his eyes on the little cam window, he saw it. The hoodie. It was the green hoodie that had been on the bear, and George was wearing it.

*Where'd you get that hoodie? ;)* Dream messaged.

It was beautiful, getting to actually see George's reaction in real time. The smile when he got the message, the confusion as he read it, the horror as he looked down and saw what he was wearing, mouth falling open in front of all the viewers.

*Shut up .*

*Is it comfy?*

*SHUT UP, DREAM. Stop teasing. :(*

*I'm not teasing!*

After a moment, he threw caution to the wind and sent another message. *I kind of like it.*

*SERIOUSLY SHUT UP. Or I'm LEAVING.*

~~~

Sometimes, George would wear the hoodie again, just to see if Dream would say anything.

He always did.

~~~

George and Dream were popping off, or trying to. It was like five in the morning for George, and he was feeling a little delirious. His laughter was a bit too loud and his jokes were far more flirty and sexual. He even swore a few times, much to Dream's amusement.

It was another day he was wearing that green hoodie, something that haunted Dream. No matter how many times he asked, George refused to give him a straight answer. The responses were always excuses like, "It was clean," or "It was closest to my desk." It felt like there was something more, but George was stubbornly refusing to answer.

"George, you should probably sleep soon," Dream chided, despite being unable to contain his giggles.

"You can go to sleep, if you want, but I'm a grown ass man, and I'm doing fine." George stuck out his tongue.

"Come on, George, you've been streaming for hours. Aren't you tired?"

"I'm not tired, because I'm not a little piss baby like Dweam is."

"George!" Dream wheezed, "It's late."

"I'm not tired! I could stay up forever!" George threw his arms in the air and leaned back in his chair, cheering to an empty room.

"George, wait the-"

But it was too late, and George's chair tipped back. It happened in slow motion to Dream. He was helpless to do anything as George pitched back into the green screen and collapsed into a heap on his floor, legs in the air. His heart fluttered with worry until George stuck two thumbs in the air, cackling at his own stupidity.

"I'm alright, everyone! Let me just get everything back in order!"

Dream's eyes drifted away from George's supine form, trying not to drink in the delicious sight of his friend lying back with his legs spread, when he noticed the bed. A huge stuffed bear was carefully tucked into the sheets. Hmm.

For some reason, chat hadn't noticed it.

While George was still righting himself, Dream sent him a message. *Hey George, interesting place to keep the bear you only cuddle with sometimes. ;)*

It took a few minutes for George to fix everything, as sleep-drunk as he was, and once he was seated again, he said, "Chat, it's been lovely, but Dream is probably right, unfortunately. It looks



like that has to be it for tonight.” As he spoke, he eyes drifted away from the camera, before bulging at a message he had received. He did his dramatic goodbye waves, body taut with something, and closed the stream.

Instead of replying to the message, George addressed Dream in the voice call they were already in.

“DREAM!”

“What’s up?” Dream answered.

“Why do you *insist* on teasing me like this?” George’s voice was a little shrill with anxiety.

“What do you mean?”

“What do I mean? *You* are the one who sent me the damn bear. Why do you make fun of me *every time* I do anything with it?”

“So now noticing things is teasing you?”

“Yes!”

Dream sighed. “I am genuinely not teasing you, George. It means a lot that you like my present and my hoodie.”

“*Your* hoodie?”

“Yes, my hoodie.”

“You put your own personal hoodie on the bear?” George asked, incredulously.

“Yeah...”

“So did I...” George whispered.

“I wanted you to have-” Dream began.

“A piece of me,” George finished.

“George... Fuck, I want to ask, but I don’t want to be weird.”

“We are literally cuddling life-size, custom-made stuffed bears designed after our best friends, and *I* started it. Please just ask...”

“It’s just... No offense, George, but this seems kinda... gay? Like in a good way! But you said you aren’t... homiesexual?”

“Oh.” George was quiet for a long time, which only made Dream more anxious. “I mean, I’m not ‘homiesexual’ or whatever Sapnap called it, but I’m not... straight.”

“Oh?” It was Dream’s turn to be stunned, unable to say more.

Neither of them said anything for a while, just letting the awkward silence grow and grow, until someone finally got the courage to say something.

“Do you have feelings for-?” George began.

“Do you have a crush on-?” Dream said at the same time, before saying, “Oh, no, George, you go.”

“No, no! Please, you go ahead...”

And so they remained silent again for a long time, both terrified to be the one to break it.

“I sleep with your bear every night, Dream,” George finally murmured.

“I haven’t spent any significant time away from your bear since I got it,” Dream confessed.

“So... The reason the bear wasn’t too far was because you... like me?”

Dream was a hopeful fool. After some serious internal debate, he answered truthfully. “Um... yeah...”

“Well, the reason I *sent* the bear was because I, uh, I like you...”

“Oh! Wait, really?”

“Yeah, Dream! Fuck, I thought you knew and you were just making fun of me!”

Dream couldn’t help but laugh. “I thought *you* knew, and you were wearing the hoodie to taunt me!”

“No, no! Never! I would never do that, even if I didn’t like you like that, which I do! But, you know, I wouldn’t do that to you.”

“George, I *love* you, and I mean that.”

George’s blush could practically be heard through the call. “I, ah, I love... I love you, too, Dream.”

Dream couldn’t help the way his breath hitched, sending a small noise through the phone. “Oh, Georgie! You wuv me?!” Dream cooed.

“Stop, actually, stop!” George insisted, grinning.

“My wittle Georgie Worgie is in WUUUVV!!”

“I will actually break up with you, stop!”

“Wait... Are we dating?” Dream asked, awestruck.

“Not if you keep doing that nonsense!”

“But like, you want to be dating?”

“I mean, you are really making me reconsider, but... yes.”

Dream grinned. “That’s fucking great.”

“Dream!”

“What? It is!”

“You’re such an idiot.”

“I’m *your* idiot,” Dream giggled.

“Of course, I fall in love with the most ridiculous possible person.”

“You like it, Georgie, and you know it!”

George couldn't help but sigh. He did like it, unfortunately. This was the person he had fallen for, a sentimental, goofy idiot. “I don't *know* anything, except that I need to go to bed.”

“I love you, Georgie!”

“...I love you too.”

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